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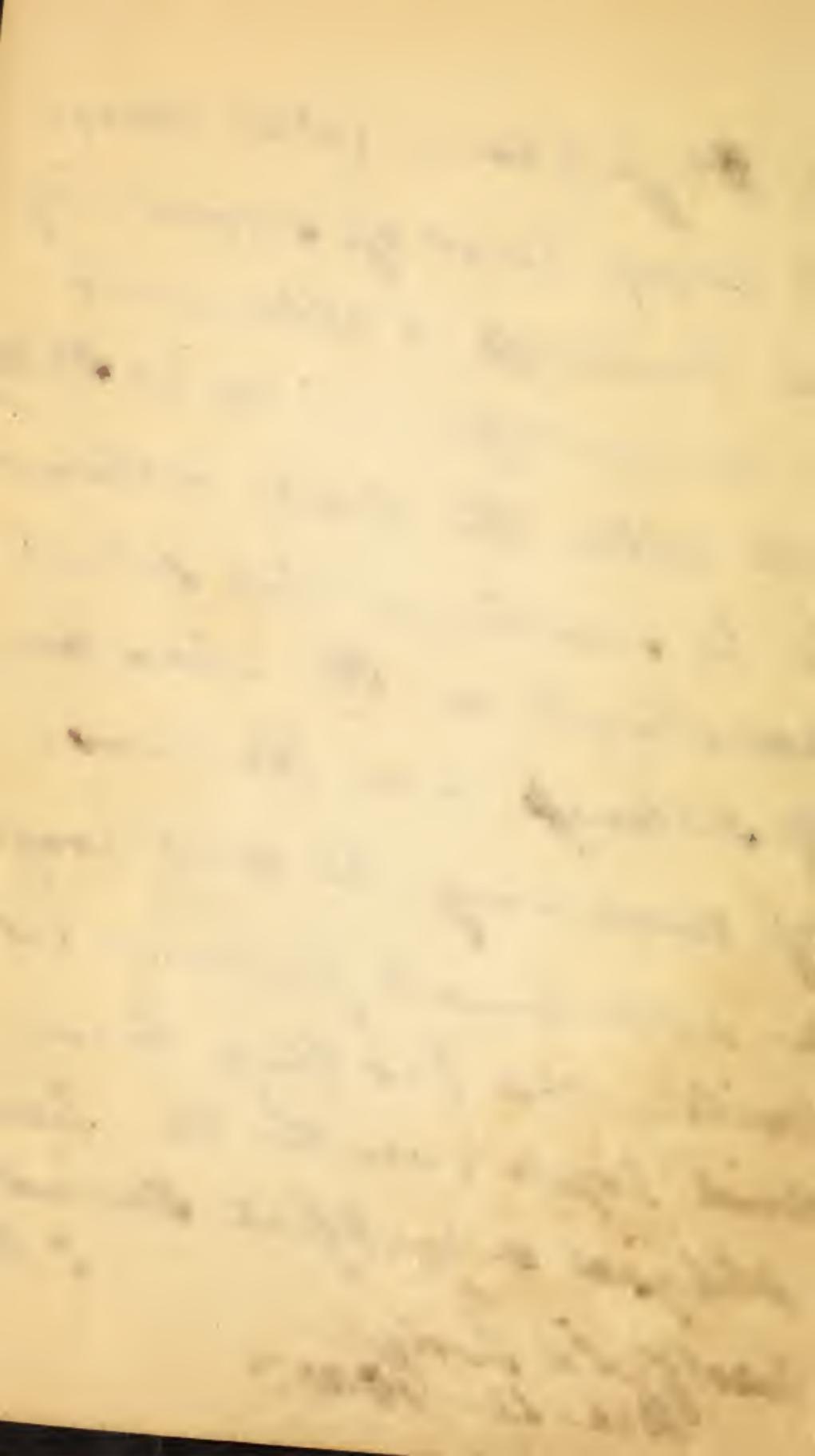
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If Dr Jephson (who chears
so many "hours of sorrow" by
his kindness, & alleviates
so many suffering. by his skill)
will allow this little volume
to be sometimes his silent
assistant, in the chamber
of sickness, & in the house
of mourning, he will confer
an additional favor on its
writer, who has long been
and hopes ever to be his
obliged & grateful friend.
C. E.
Westfield Lodge
Dec. 12. 1836.





HOURS OF SORROW:

OR,

Thoughts in Verse,

CHIEFLY ADAPTED TO SEASONS OF SICKNESS,
DEPRESSION, AND BEREAVEMENT.

"Weep with them that weep."

Romans, xii. 15.

"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is his who skills of comfort best."

Christian Year.

✓
Charlotte Elliott

LONDON:

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1836.

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HOURS OF SORROW.

TO THE READER.

Not for the gay and thoughtless do I weave
These plaintive strains ; they have not learnt to
grieve :
Their joyous days, mirth, health, and gladness
wing ;
The laughing hours around them dance and sing :
The light within their dwellings is not gone ;
Their cherish'd plants no worm has fed upon :
These are the few in such a world as this ;—
The many scarcely taste the cup of bliss,
Ere some rude stroke, e'en while its sweets they
sip,
Dashes it (oft for ever) from their lip.
For such, for such alone, I tune my lay ;
They feel life's path a rough and thorny way ;
And, looking sadly round, no longer find
Those who shed gladness on the track behind,

Strew'd it with flowers, illumed it with their smile,
And toil, and care, and sorrow could beguile.
These, as they pass along, depress'd, forlorn,
Suffering from man's neglect, perchance his scorn,
Feeling the world no balsam can bestow,
To soothe the aching heart, or medicine woe,
May, midst their sorrows, lend a listening ear
To strains whose purpose is their grief to cheer ;
To tell them where another heart found rest,
Once, like their own, disquieted, unblest ;
And where, though sought in vain on earthly
ground,
A balm of sovereign virtue may be found.

SONNET TO THE HARP.

Poor tuneless harp ! I'll take thee to my Lord :
Though all unmeet to offer at his shrine,
If he endue my hand with skill divine,
Sweet melody shall breathe from every chord ;
And thou to that high use shalt be restor'd,
Which erst in sinless Paradise was thine :
I lay thee at his feet, no longer mine ;
The strings all mute till waken'd at his word.
O ! thou wert form'd in those unsullied days,
When joy, love, innocence, attuned each lyre,
To blend thy music with celestial lays ;
And e'en my notes shall mingle with that choir,
If He, th' eternal fount of harmony,
Now, by his Spirit, deign to breathe on me.

INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BLESSED Spirit ! Thou who deignest,
In each bosom where thou reignest,
 Heavenly thoughts t' inspire ;
Now, thy gracious influence lending,
With my strain its virtue blending,
 Wake my simple lyre !

Let it breathe some hallow'd numbers,
Ere in death the minstrel slumbers,
 Who from thee asks skill ;
Let it soothe some ear that listens,
Let it dry some tear that glistens,
 Ere my heart be still !

There are bosoms wrung with anguish,
Mourners who in silence languish,
 Hidden wounds that bleed ;
Heavenly comforter of sorrow !
Balm for these if I might borrow,
 I were blest indeed.

THE MINSTREL.

WITHIN a darken'd room I saw one sit,
 Touching a plaintive lyre ;
 Upward she look'd, and then her eye seem'd lit
 With transient fire :
 But ever and anon I heard her sigh,
 And ever and anon tears fill'd her eye.

Deep thoughts oppress'd her, and I heard her say,
 " O ! sad is human life.
 I see dark forms attend the pilgrim's way,—
 Care, suffering, strife !
 His toilsome journey is beset with foes,
 And Death stands waiting at its awful close.

" But hush ! " she said, and paused ; then seem'd
 awhile
 To hear one speak :
 Her dark thoughts vanish'd, and a peaceful smile
 Play'd o'er her cheek.
 Once more she listen'd, tuned her lyre again,
 Then, soft and low, breathed forth a heaven-
 taught strain.

ADDRESS TO SORROW.

FROM heavenly mines I borrow
The gems to form thy crown ;
In this poor world, sweet Sorrow !
Thy worth is little known.

And yet no angel's mission
Can brighter gifts impart,
Than thou, man's kind physician,
If welcomed by the heart.

The fatal mists around him
Disperse at thy approach ;
The magic spells that bound him
Are broken by thy touch.

Thou throw'st thy mournful shading
O'er earth's delusive joy ;
And then its bright hues fading
Nor dazzle nor decoy.

Then, when the world looks dreary,
 And when, with grief opprest,
 The sufferer, faint and weary,
 Seeks out some place of rest ;

Then, Sorrow ! thou dost guide him
 To Penitence and Faith :
 These place fair Hope beside him,
 To cheer his heavenward path.

Sweet thoughts of comfort bringing,
 Peace o'er his heart they shed ;
 In strains seraphic singing,—
 “ Thou shalt be comforted ! ”

The tree of life disclosing,
 Its odorous balm reveal'd ;
 Beneath its shade reposing,
 His every wound is heal'd.

And now, thy task completed,
 Thy mission at an end ;
 The weary wanderer greeted
 By Him, “ the sinner's Friend ; ”

If still thine aid He borrow,
Thy gentle hand employ,
Thy sweet associate, Sorrow !
Will from that hour be Joy.

THE WANDERER.

THERE was a wanderer once who sought in vain
At earthly fountains to assuage her thirst ;
For though they sparkled and seem'd sweet at first,
Soon, unabated, it return'd again.
But He who marks and pities human pain,
Whose eye of love seeks out the lost, the worst,
Met her, in mercy infinite, as erst
Another wanderer on Samaria's plain :
He led her to that living stream which flows
From heavenly founts, the pilgrim to restore ;
And there she quench'd her thirst, and learnt that
those
Who drink that water thirst again no more,
But hasten on, through strength divinely given,
E'en till they reach the fountain-head in heaven.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
Which God himself will not despise ;
Nay, more, Jehovah deigns to prize
 The contrite heart.

That “ high and lofty One,” whose praise
Inspires the rapt archangels’ lays,
With favourable eye surveys
 The contrite heart.

The Holy One, the Son of God,
His presence there will shed abroad,
And consecrate, as his abode,
 The contrite heart.

The blessed Spirit, from on high,
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And heal, and cheer, and purify
 The contrite heart.

Saviour ! I make my prayer to thee ;
Such as thou lov'st I fain would be.
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
A contrite heart !

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I HEARD an Æolian harp, when the wings
Of the soft summer-zephyr flew light o'er the
strings,
Waking sounds like the far-distant curfew that
flings
Echoes broken and faint down the vale :
But I heard it again, when the winter's cold blast
Swept roughly and rudely each chord as it past ;
Then the strange spirit-minstrelsy, wakened at last,
Swell'd, fitful and wild, in the gale.

When summer and sunshine breathe perfume
around,
And earth by the Christian an Eden is found,
The notes of his harp indistinctly resound ;—
Too faintly his praises are given.
But when on his bosom the winter-winds beat,
When the blast of the desert lays bare his retreat,
Then the storm which has crush'd him wakes con-
cords so sweet,
Angels listen, and waft them to heaven.

ST. MATTHEW, v. 4.

I STOOD in spirit on that sacred mount,
Where He who spoke as man could never speak,
With Godlike power and majesty, though meek,
Pour'd words of life from truth's eternal fount.
A few poor men, plain and of no account,
Were nearest to Him ; them his eye would seek,
While from its glance love's radiance seem'd to
break,
And beam o'er multitudes too vast to count.
I strove, as from an oracle divine,
To catch some words to treasure in my heart ;
And, though a distant place, alas ! was mine,
And those dear accents reach'd me but in part,
One hallow'd sentence to my ear was borne :
The words were these ; “ *Blessed are they that mourn.*”

RETROSPECTION.

O ! how oft, unseen, unknown,
 Does “ the soul of feeling ”
 Muse on friends far off, or gone,
 Memory’s stores unsealing !

O’er the track of years gone by
 Pleased the spirit wanders ;
 Breathes o’er many a spot a sigh,
 Many a record ponders.

Scenes which long have disappear’d,
 From their sleep awaken ;
 Sounds by loved, lost friends endear’d,
 Joys by them partaken.

Funeral tokens rise around,
 All the heart o’erpowering ;
 Urns with many a garland bound,
 Cypress-trees embowering.

Bright and fragrant there appear
Flowers of recollection ;
Bathed by many a holy tear,
Nursed by fond affection.

O ! ye loved, lamented few !
Once to me united,
Heavenward by such thoughts of you
Be my soul incited !

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

WHEN I entered on life, and my fancy was gay,
When hope's rosy dawning illumined my way,
When the paths were all flowery, untrodden, and
green,
And pleasure and novelty gladden'd the scene,
The sound was unwelcome and strange to my ears,
When they call'd this fair region a valley of tears.

But the days of enchantment flew rapidly past,
And the sunshine within and without was o'ercast ;
The tints of the morning soon melted away,
The buds and sweet blossoms were transient as
they ;
And I own'd, with a sigh, that life sometimes
appears
A sorrowful path through a valley of tears.

Still onward I journey'd, but journey'd alone,
For I found that with novelty pleasure had flown ;

My path grew insipid ; I slacken'd my pace,
 And long'd the fair track I had pass'd to retrace ;
 For I said, “ What a different aspect it wears
 From this, which is really a valley of tears ! ”

But while with reluctance I granted it true,
 My spirit recoil'd from so alter'd a view ;
 And because disappointment had broken the cup
 Presented by fancy, replenish'd by hope,
 She spurn'd, in her bitterness, all that still cheers
 This region of shadows, this valley of tears.

I look'd on it now as a desolate spot,
 Where sin, link'd with sorrow, wide ruin had
 wrought ;
 And where'er I discover'd some lingering trace
 Of its early magnificence, beauty, and grace,
 It seem'd but to tell me of happier years,
 Ere the world was transform'd to a valley of tears.

My soul grew impatient and weary of life,
 As a scene of distress, disappointment, and strife ;
 And considered herself, and each pilgrim below,
 As the victims of suffering, delusion, and wo,—

All doom'd, for a period of sorrowful years,
To mourn or to toil in the valley of tears.

For as yet she discern'd not a country more bright
Than that which so early had ceased to delight ;
Nor sources of pure and more permanent bliss
Than can spring from a soil so polluted as this :
She felt not the mercy which gladdens and cheers
The Christian's abode in the valley of tears.

But now, while I keep that fair country in view,
With hope and with patience my path I pursue ;
In sadness and weariness sweet is the thought,
That my home is not distant, my journey but
short ;
And that, when I have pass'd a few troublesome
years,
I shall wander no more in the valley of tears.

THE SKYLARK.

How sweet is the song of the lark as she springs
To welcome the morning with joy on her wings !
The higher she rises, the sweeter she sings,
And she sings when *we* hear her no more.
When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from
our sight,
She has mounted above them ; she shines in his
light :
There, far from the scenes that disturb and affright,
She loves her gay music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian :—he sees, from afar,
The day-spring appearing, the bright morning-star ;
He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,
For the land whence the radiance is given :
He sings on his way from this cloud-cover'd spot,
The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note :
When *we* hear it no longer, the song ceases not ;—
It blends with the chorus of heaven.

THE MOON OVER THE SEA.

Oh ! fix on that beautiful planet thine eye ;
Observe her bright course, as she travels on high,
And bears, like a vestal, her lamp through the sky,
 Array'd in her garment of light ;
While pure and exalted her pathway she treads,
O'er the rough sea beneath her soft radiance she
 sheds ;
Where'er she approaches, the darkness recedes—
 Till in beauty she glides from our sight.

Fair orb ! there are some in this world of our own,
Like thyself, who in light and in silence move on ;
They walk in “ white raiment,” and calmly look
 down

On life's turbulent ocean beneath :
The noise of its waves at a distance they hear :
And, shedding soft light from their luminous sphere,
This dark world of sin and of sorrow they cheer,
 And are beautiful even in death.

ON SACRED MUSIC.

It is said that the exile who chances to hear,
In the land of the stranger, his own native
tongue,
Or some strain that in childhood delighted his ear,
Though he listen with rapture, yet weeps o'er
the song.

For then what bright visions appear to his view !
What scenes of enchantment rise quickly
around !
The land where the first breath of freedom he
drew,
His home, his loved kindred, he seems to have
found !

But though sweet the delusion, not long can it
last :
In a moment the lovely deceptions are flown :
With the sounds that produced them, too quickly
they pass'd,
And the exile still finds himself sad and alone.

And is not the Christian an exile on earth ?

And is not sweet music the language of heaven,
Of that land whence the spirit received her high
birth,

And from whence the bright grant of her free-
dom was given ?

And thus, while he listens to anthems of praise,
Or some soft-stealing melody falls on his ear,
Those regions of joy he in spirit surveys,
And seems the sweet song of the ransomed to
hear.

Nay, he seems to have entered that haven of
rest,
To have bidden farewell to temptations and
woes ;
Already he joins the bright bands of the blest,
Already partakes their celestial repose.

But the spell is soon broken ; the sounds die
away :
No mandate, as yet, has arrived of release :
He mourns to perceive still so distant the day
When his sufferings and labours for ever shall
cease.

That day of delight, when, an exile no more,
His country, his home, his loved friends he re-
gains,
Tunes his harp to the chorus oft longed-for before,
Where “sorrow and sighing” ne’er blend with
the strains.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

WHEN music entrances my ear,
While I yield to its mystic control,
Still, the sounds so delightful to hear,
Never reach the dark depths of the soul.

She has sighs, and complainings, and woes,
Which melody charms not to rest ;
And though sweet be the tear as it flows,
The lone spirit within is unblest.

But, oh ! when, as born~~from~~ from above,
Hallow'd voices breathe accents of praise,
They waft to that region of love
The spirit which thrills to their lays.

For then their sweet melodies bless
That name which is balm for all woe ;
And the heart, from its inmost recess,
Echoes back the loved sounds as they flow.

STANZAS FOR A FRIEND IN SORROW.

It must be so ; the feeling heart must oft receive
a wound ;

Must often be compell'd to part from those it
twined around :

It must be so ; life's shadows still must lengthen
o'er our way,

And darkness those bright places fill, where shone
joy's sunniest ray.

It must be so ; the hopes of youth, the schemes
gay fancy wove,

The fictions we believed as truth, must all delusive
prove ;

And e'en in manhood's riper day, with wisdom for
our guide,

The prop selected for our stay oft proves a reed
when tried.

It must be so ; our hours of bliss, like a sweet April
gleam,
Just smile on such a world as this, then vanish
like a dream ;
Hope's iris, with its beauteous braid, melts in the
clouds it wreathes ;
Joy's roseate flower begins to fade, e'en while its
fragrance breathes.

It must be so ; the friends beloved, who cheer'd
life's earlier day,
By time estranged, by death removed, pass one by
one away ;
Till before half its sands can fall, we look around
and sigh,—
“ Friends of my youth, where are they all ? scarce
one yet lingers nigh.”

While o'er the heart these changes come, and
man, earth's transient guest,
Finds here his spirit has no home, no seat of tran-
quil rest ;
Then whither turns that eye, now dim with dis-
appointed hope ?
Asks he fair Truth to draw for him her heavenly
horoscope ?

Alas ! too oft he turns to Grief ; calls back enjoyments past,
 Lives o'er again those moments brief, too blest,
 too bright to last ;
 Forgets that bitters marr'd the sweet, and thorns
 the flowers, e'en then ;
 Feels that his sun of bliss has set, and twilight
 days remain.

Or if from Grief he pass away, to seek a sterner
 guide,
 Philosophy ! he courts thy sway, thy loftier code
 is tried :
 But Reason the firm mind may win, and nerve its
 high resolves,
 While on its axis, dark within, the restless heart
 revolves.

'Tis braced and disciplined, not heal'd ; its wounds
 are stanch'd, not cured ;
 These moral anodynes but yield calm midst the
 pain endured.
 Not this the kind result designed by Him who,
 from above,
 Thus breaks each tie too strongly twined, that we
 may seek his love.

E'en as the bird "stirs up her nest," to make her
nurslings fly,

He here forbids us to find rest, towards heaven to
raise our eye :

The sunshine is from earth removed, that heaven
more bright may seem,

The heart denied what most it loved, till there He
reign supreme.

Then all around a light is shed, which ne'er will
fade away ;

More radiant grows the path we tread, e'en "to
the perfect day ;"

Each wound is heal'd, each want supplied, joys
given which leave us never ;

The heart's deep longing satisfied, and satisfied for
ever.

THE REQUIEM.

I POSSESS'D a sweet flower ; it bloom'd for awhile ;
 Its sweetness was wont every care to beguile ;

But I cherish'd too fondly the flower :
 I imagined it one of those blossoms of heaven,
 To which beauty and fragrance perennial are given,
 Nor thought it could fade in an hour.

For it seem'd to belong to that region of love,
 And reminded me oft of the climate above,

Where all is refreshing and pure ;
 It was granted to brighten my sojourn on earth,
 And to raise my poor heart to the land of its birth ;
 But its charms not for me might endure.

While I watch'd o'er its beauties with anxious
 delight,

It received from some blast an invisible blight,
 Its colours began to decay ;
 At last, when I sought it, I found it no more :
 It died not : I trust to a happier shore
 Some angel has borne it away.

Had I prized it less fondly, it still had been mine ;
 But He who bestow'd it, in bounty divine,
 Took it back, not in anger, but love :
 Its fragrance for me form'd an Eden on earth ;
 And I seldom remember'd the land of its birth,
 That lovelier Eden above.

But the charm is now broken, that danger is o'er ;
 Life has one joy the less, and one sorrow the more,
 And my heart, for a season, must mourn :
 The sweeter the fragrance the blossom bestows,
 The brighter the colours, the richer the rose,
 The sharper the pang of the thorn.

Sweet blossom, farewell ! I shall treasure each leaf
 Thou hast scatter'd around me, to soften my grief,
 Though compared with thyself they are poor :
 These pale faded relics, so sad to my sight,
 Not now will awaken too fond a delight,
 Too sweetly my senses allure.

And, oh ! when my path through the desert is o'er,
 May thy sweet living blossoms delight me once
 more,
 In that land where the plants never die ;

Where enjoyment with danger no more is combined ;

Where the strongest yet purest attachment will bind,

And no parting bring tears to the eye.

Till then, sweetest plant ! I must bid thee farewell ;
Long, long will thy charms in my memory dwell,

Long, long for thy loss shall I mourn :

No plant of the earth shall succeed thee, sweet flower !

No blossom be nursed in my desolate bower ;

I have felt too severely the thorn.

ON NOAH'S DOVE.

A SIMILITUDE.

Oh, soul of man ! like that poor dove distrest,
Winging o'er life's dark waves thy weary flight,
Seeking in vain some " isle of beauty" bright,
Some spot where thy exhausted wings may rest ;
Fly to the *heavenly* ark, that haven blest,
Where, till a spring shall bloom which knows no
blight,

Thou shalt be safe from storms, by day, by night ;
And Peace, sweet Peace, shall build thy downy
nest.

I see One waiting to " put forth his hand,"
And take thee in, poor, weary, fluttering heart :
Fear not his gentle touch ; though weak thou art,
None like himself thy frame can understand :
Such life, warmth, comfort, strength, that touch
will bring,

Thou soon shalt raise thy drooping head and sing.

THE VESTAL.

OH ! who has not paused, as he read, to admire
What is told of that ancient mysterious fire,
Never suffer'd, on peril of life, to expire,—

Everlasting, though kindled below ?

And view'd the pale Vestal, all lonely, at night,
Her eye ever fix'd on that mystical light ;
Now feeding the flame, lest it cease to burn bright,
Now her features illumed by its glow ?

A task as unceasing, though nobler, is thine,
O Christian ! the priest of a holier shrine ;
In thy heart has been kindled, by power divine,

A flame which eternal must prove :

Like the Vestal, watch o'er it by night and by day,
Let neglect never cause its pure beam to decay ;
Thy life is involved in still brightening its ray,

Till removed to the temple above.

ON A SPRING MORNING.

THOU ! who art ever present, though unseen,
Amid these beauteous shades I feel Thee near ;
I seem to stand beside Thee, and to hear
That voice which makes e'en troubled hearts
serene.

I love to think Thou on this earth hast been,
And once in human form didst sojourn here,
Where still Thou deign'st, invisibly, to cheer
Each fainting spirit that on Thee would lean.
O ! while in hill and dale, and stream and flower,
With tearful joy thy glories I behold,
On me display thy wonder-working power !
Bid each long-dormant heavenly seed unfold ;
And while around woods, hills, and valleys sing,
Within my heart wake a celestial spring !

ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

SCARCELY has one bright sunbeam shone,
Or vernal zephyr waved its wing ;
Yet is thy fragrance round me thrown,
Sweet child of spring !

Mid leafless shrubs, on the cold earth,
Rises thy soft and beauteous form,
Familiar, even from thy birth,
With many a storm.

There, blooming in thy lonely bed,
Enfolded in thy mantle green,
Thy solitary sweets were shed,
Unknown, unseen.

Yet could the balmiest breath of May
To thee one added charm have lent ?
Could brighter tints thy leaves inlay,
Or sweeter scent ?

'Tis often thus ; the richest flowers
That in the soul's fair garden blow,
Are nurtured by rough winds and showers,
Mid scenes of woe.

When earthly joys lie all entomb'd,
And life looks desolate and drear,
The flower of heavenly hope has bloom'd,
The heart to cheer.

Nay, thus in sorrow's wintry day,
The soul herself, mid blast and storm,
Gains beauties which joy's summer-ray
Could never form.

Nor shall one blast around her blow,
One storm on her fair blossoms beat,
But shall a lovelier hue bestow,
A scent more sweet.

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE."

THERE is a voice, "a still small voice," of love
 Heard from above ;
 But not amid the din of earthly sounds,
 Which here abounds :
 By those withdrawn apart it best is heard,
 And peace, sweet peace, distils from every word.

In the sick chamber, when none else is near,
 It oft sounds clear ;
 Then o'er the wearied frame, the suffering bed,
 Repose is shed :
 Its accents fall like balm upon the heart,
 Composure and meek patience to impart.

Oft on the day of consecrated rest,
 This unseen guest
 Visits the lonely and sequester'd room,
 Dispels its gloom,
 And pours such sacred melody around,
 Methinks angelic harps less sweet would sound.

E'en in that saddest stillness which prevails
Where nature fails,
And nought is heard save the convulsive breath
Struggling with death,
Oft doth its voice of pity gently break
Th' oppressive silence, and sweet comfort speak.

Oh ! blest is then the sufferer, though he mourn,
To whom are borne
The gracious accents of this heavenly guide !
None, none beside
Can calm the spirit, bend th' opposing will,
And say, with power effectual, " Peace, be still ! "

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET chantress ! from every blossoming tree
There is wafted a song of rejoicing and glee ;
Midst the mirth and the music I listen for thee,

 But thy melody charms not mine ear.

When the sun shall descend, and the blossoms all
 close,

When darkness and silence shall usher repose,
Oh then, while the night-breeze refreshingly blows,
 Thy song from afar I shall hear.

Sweet chantress ! a beautiful emblem thou art
Of the pure and devoted and tranquillized heart,
When, from earthly turmoil and intrusion apart,

 It holds converse with regions above ;

Beneath that blue concave, so peaceful and bright,
Sweet symphonies break on the stillness of night ;
While angels bend down, with approving delight,
 To take part in the anthems they love.

A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

If Happiness be sought aright,
 She will be found ;—though hidden,
 Her doors stand open day and night,
 And none will be forbidden.

Yet thousands seek her still in vain,
 Bewilder'd, discontented ;
 Fatigu'd they roam o'er hill and plain,
 In paths she ne'er frequented.

I join'd the throng ; I sought the prize ;
 'Twas long before I found it :
 Toils, perils fill'd the enterprize ;
 At last discovery crown'd it.

I sought her in an emerald dell,
 Where *Nature's* charms delighted ;
 They said, “ she dwelt there once with men,
 But long those scenes had quitted.”

I next explored the festive bower,
 To which gay *Pleasure* woo'd me ;
 But quickly found that Folly wore
 Her features, to delude me.

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(In *Friendship's* sweet abode (at last,))
 Her lovely form I greeted ;
 Oh, with what joy my bosom glow'd !
 The hours like moments fleeted.

But Death, her mortal foe, appear'd,
 Those ties of love to sever ;
 She fled that spot, so much endear'd,
 Abandon'd it for ever.

In *Fancy's* flower-enamell'd vale
 Once more my eye beheld her ;
 But Thought was with me :—she turned pale,
 And vanish'd ere I held her.

Then *Science* said, his temple fair
 Oft gather'd groups around her ;
 Each Muse her friendship seem'd to share :—
 I sought, but never found her.

In *Superstition's* ancient pile,
 Where monks their beads were telling,
 Where, through the dimly-lighted aisle,
 The midnight chant was swelling;

E'en there for Happiness I sought,
 I wept, and pray'd, and fasted;
 I sought her, but I found her not:
 Prayers, penance, tears, were wasted.

Hopeless, at last, I raised my eye
 Towards Heaven, its guidance seeking;
 At once a gentle sound stole by;—
 Her own sweet voice was speaking.

“ Pilgrim ! a gracious ear is lent
 To thy sad heart’s petition;
 When the heart’s cry to heaven is sent,
 At once it gains admission.

“ When asked from Him whom I obey,
 Thus freely He bestows me;
 None but the heart which owns his sway
 Obtains, or even knows me.

“ On earth I dwell not now ;—my name,
When there, is called Religion ;
But we are known to be the same
In yon celestial region.

“ Above yon bright and starry sphere,
With spirits pure and sainted,
I breathe a holier atmosphere,
By sin and woe untainted.

“ Mid those immortal shapes I stand,
Jehovah’s throne surrounding,
Who strike their harps at his right hand,
Angelic songs resounding.

“ But oft to earth my flight I speed,
When his command is given,
Joy on the pilgrim’s heart to shed,
And foretastes sweet of heaven.

“ When, on the Sabbath, thou art found
His sacred courts attending,
I love to tread that holy ground,
My voice with thine is blending.

“ And in the hour of humble prayer,
Those who enjoy His presence
Will never fail to meet me there :
His smile’s my very essence.

“ Now, through thy life’s short pilgrimage,
Unseen I will be near thee ;
And in its last, its roughest stage,
My voice shall calm and cheer thee.

“ Then will I join the convoy bright
Sent down thy bonds to sever,
Hail thy deliverance with delight,
And be thine own for ever ! ”

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening-star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,—
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave !

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

'Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
 What peace of mind.

Hush'd is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.

Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to thee.

A PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT.

CELESTIAL SPIRIT ! now, in this calm hour,
Vouchsafe with holy thoughts my mind to fill !
“ I commune with my own heart, and am still,”
Waiting to feel thy tranquillizing power.
Darkness is round me ; but, like that pale flower*
Which loves its vestal fragrance to distil
When other flowers are closed on dale and hill,
Breathed but for him who trained it for his bower,—
E'en so, O blessed Spirit ! let it be
With this poor heart, thy consecrated shrine.
There thou hast deigned to place a plant divine,
Unseen, unknown, unnurtured but by thee :
Now be the hidden perfume thou hast given
Exhaled, like incense sweet, and borne to heaven !

* The night-blowing Ceres.

“THE LORD TURNED, AND LOOKED UPON
PETER.”

St. Luke, xxii. 61.

OH ! it is ever thus. That eye benign
Beams on the soul with tenderness divine,
E'en ere the wanderer owns that he has stray'd,
E'en ere the penitent has wept or pray'd.
And, when the influence of that look is felt,
The softened heart in contrite grief will melt,
Mourn that against such goodness he has striven,
And “ love Him much” who has so “ much for-
given.”

The Saviour changes not, but now sends down,
E'en from his glorious mediatorial throne,
Whence all our wandering footsteps he can trace,
The same sweet tokens of forgiving grace.
Oh ! let the trembling and desponding mind,
That “ broken spirit ” which he loves to bind,
Dwell on each proof of tenderness he gave,
Nor doubt his willingness to heal and save !
Not e'en the fondest love a mother knows,—
The warmest in a human breast which glows,—

No loftiest, best conception we can raise,
E'en the faint outline of his love portrays.
Poor, doubting mourner ! yield not to thy fears ;
Each tear he numbers, and each sigh he hears.
And though, like Peter, thou hast wrong'd thy
Lord,

Like him, thou shalt be pardon'd and restored.
Thy Saviour's prayer for thee shall yet prevail ;
Thy faith in him, though weak, shall never fail ;
But lead thee, in his strength, henceforth to prove,
Through life, in death, thy gratitude and love.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

HAS earthly love deceived thee ?
Has earthly friendship grieved thee ?
Has Death's stong hand bereaved thee
 Of all most dear below ?

A love which never changes,
A Friend no time estranges,
A land Death's shaft ne'er ranges,
 It may be thine to know.

In vain have men asserted,
To cheat the weary-hearted,
That powers by sin perverted
 Themselves can calm the breast.

One Hand alone unfailing,
Sin, grief's dark root, assailing,
O'er all within prevailing,
 Can give the weary rest.

TO ONE SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS.

WHAT though thine earthly cottage veil
Some beams that cheer the pilgrim's way,
The soul's bright senses cannot fail,

Nor pass away.

Thine ear of faith may listen ever
To sounds which bid all sorrow cease,
Which importune or weary never,

But whisper peace.

It may be that thine outward ear
Is closed to earth's turmoil and din,
That those blest sounds, more full and clear,

Be heard within.

What though the “nether springs” run low,
Which cheered thy pilgrim-path at first,
The “upper springs” unceasing flow

To quench thy thirst.

If on thy Saviour rests thine eye,
This loss of sense faith's gain will be ;
For it will closer draw the tie
 'Twixt him and thee.

ON A FROSTY EVENING.

WHEN the dark mantle of o'ershadowing night
Wraps in concealment all the world below,
With countless orbs yon azure vault doth glow,
In silence shining, beautiful and bright.
The midnight wanderer gazes with delight,
And feels his heart within him overflow.
“ O ! what,” he asks, “ can day’s broad sunshine
shew,
To be compar’d with this all-glorious sight ? ”
—”Tis sometimes thus, when sorrow’s mournful
shade
Darkens our path, and veils our prospects here :
Fair worlds, unseen before, are then display’d,
And in surpassing majesty appear ;
For then to faith’s uplifted eye ’tis given
To view the glories of a brighter heaven.

ON THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

I ASK'D the name of an azure-leaved flower,
Which bloom'd in a lonely spot :
They said, " It was valued in hall and in bower,
And was named, ' Forget-me-not.' "

" And what," I ask'd, " do the words intend ?
And to whom is their import confined ?"
Some answer'd, " a lover," and some, " a friend,
By the flow'ret was call'd to mind."

Then I thought, as I look'd on the blossom so fair,
With its petals of heavenly blue,
That it stood as a silent remembrancer there,
Of the God at whose word it grew.

O ! who could examine thy form, sweet flower !
So perfect, without a blot,
And not feel thou recordest his love, his power,
And bid'st us " forget him not."

He endued with its wondrous virtue thy seed ;
The form it developed he chose :
His crystalline dews on thy leaves are shed ;
His sunshine thy colour bestows.

Then whene'er thy bright blossom adorns my way,
Towards heav'n may it waft my thought !
May he give thee a still small voice to say,
In his name,—“ Forget me not !”

TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Now, pilgrim ! of thy journey home
But one short stage remains,
And, brightening through the evening's gloom,
Across the distant plains,

Methinks thine eye may catch a sight
Of that sweet shore of rest,
Where friends are waiting, rob'd in white,
To hail th' expected guest ;

Where every hope, yet incomplete,
Each unfulfill'd desire,
Shall instant full fruition meet,
Till bliss can rise no higher.

O ! did our hearts indeed believe,
Fill'd with these thoughts sublime,
The Christian would rejoice, not grieve,
To mark the lapse of time.

Nature may weep o'er life's short span,
When forms we love decay :
Faith views th' immortal inward man,
And wipes the tear away.

And when we feel we cannot now
Shelter one heart we prize
From many a conflict, many a woe,
Or hush its secret sighs ;

Then, as we see them onward borne
By time's resistless flow,
To that bright shore where none can mourn,
Where glory crowns each brow ;

Should we not hail their nearer bliss,
When days like these are given ?
What means " advancing age," but this,—
Their drawing near to heaven ?

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHILD'S DEATH.

THIS was thy heavenly birth-day, much-loved boy !
Dost thou not wonder at thy parents' tears,
And question why so sad that day appears,
Which crown'd their darling with unfading joy ?
Why do they now their mournful thoughts employ
In fondly dwelling on thy few short years ?
For Memory, while she thus the past endears,
Blends with the sweet her bitterest alloy.
O ! if the birth-day of a life like ours,
In this dark world of trouble and unrest,
Be hail'd with gratulations, gifts, and flowers,
Should not thine entrance on a life so blest
E'en as a sacred jubilee be kept,
And not a tear but tears of joy be wept ?

TO A WIDOWED FRIEND.

WHY dost thou haste so swiftly on thy way,
Like one whose company before is gone ?
What is that stedfast eye so fix'd upon,
Which beams, methinks, almost with heavenly ray ?
Alas ! that mourning veil, that dark array,
Tell me it is from grief that thou hast won
A disentangled heart, no longer prone
To make terrestrial things thy staff and stay.
What though thy cheek be paler, lone thy path,
What though at times sad memory tears will shed,
Thou now wilt realise the life of faith,
Till thou shalt meet again thy " holy dead."
O ! if by grief such blessings here are given,
What " weight of glory " will be thine in heaven !

“ SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO WEEP
THERE.”

O ! go not to his grave to weep,
Bathe not with tears his early tomb ;
Angels that precious seed will keep,
Till thence th’ immortal flower shall bloom.

O ! go not to his grave to mourn
That he was once so fair, so bright ;
A form far lovelier shall be born
From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

O ! go not to his grave to sigh,
Because his transient date is o’er ;
That which we here miscall “ *to die*, ”
Means but to *live* for evermore.

Go to his grave, that light to hail
Which o’er it now from Calvary streams ;
Which shines through death’s once-mournful vale,
And on thy slumbering infant beams.

Go to his grave, that God to bless,
Who to his happy soul has given
More than thine utmost tenderness
Could supplicate,—a home in heaven.

Go to his grave, to offer there,
As laid on thy Redeemer's shrine,
Thy loveliest flower, thy first-born fair,
And say, “ He was not ours, but thine.”

FROM A DYING CHILD.

CEASE, my mother! to deplore me,
Cease to ask my longer stay ;
Angel-forms are bending o'er me,
Hark ! they call my soul away.

Wipe those tears so sadly falling,
Upward turn thy weeping eyes ;
Heavenly messengers are calling
Me, thy child, to Paradise.

Hear'st thou not those sweetest numbers ?
Hear'st thou not that softest strain,
Sent to bless my dying slumbers,
Sent to soothe my dying pain ?

Soon these pangs of struggling nature
Shall my prison-doors unclose ;
Soon each calm and tranquil feature
Wear a smile of sweet repose.

But when this poor frame is sleeping
 Cold within the silent tomb,
 Wilt thou still be fondly weeping
 O'er thy babe's untimely doom ?

Wilt thou mourn the blissful sentence
 Which invites me to my rest ?
 Wilt thou mourn my early entrance
 On the glories of the blest ?

Wilt thou mourn my warfare ended ?
 Mourn the prize too quickly gain'd ?
 Life has long enough extended
 When its purpose is attain'd.

Hark ! again those notes are swelling :
 “ Happy spirit ! take thy flight ;
 Quit that frail terrestrial dwelling ;
 Wing thy way to realms of light.”

Oh ! what scenes arise before me !
 Lovelier far than aught beneath ;
 Cease, my mother ! to deplore me ;
 Sweeter far than life is death.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

LOVELY star ! serenely shining
On my heavy tearful eyes,
Thou shalt check these thoughts repining,
And repress these mournful sighs ;
Let thy way be dark, or bright,
Still thou shedd'st thy silvery light.

Still thy heavenly track pursuing,
Rapidly thou hastenest on,
From that purer region viewing
This dark world thou shin'st upon ;
Passing o'er it but to lend
Light to gladden and befriend.

Thus, when clouds are passing o'er us,
Grief our spirits may subdue ;
But a race “ is set before us,”
Which, though faint, we must pursue ;
Lovely star ! our model be ;
May we shine through clouds like thee !

And, like thee, while freely lending
Light to all within our sphere,
To our unseen centre tending,
Swift as bright may we appear !
Then, when thy brief course is o'er,
We shall rise to set no more.

THE CHRISTIAN NEAR HIS HOME.

I SEE an aged man
Climbing the hill's steep side ;
Long has he trod the pilgrim's way,
And now the sun's declining ray
Homeward his steps will guide.

A seat of rest
Among the blest
E'en now awaits in heaven the dear expected guest.

His path is rough and steep,
More toilsome near its close :
The sky looks dark ; the winds blow keen ;
The shadows lengthen o'er the scene,
And scarce a flow'ret blows :
The pilgrim's eye,
Still fix'd on high,
Sees brighter worlds appear beyond the darkening
sky.

At times, indeed, he grieves
 For earlier days more blest ;
 When on the wings of joy he soar'd,
 And, with an eagle's strength, explored
 The land of promised rest ;
 But faith still shoots
 Its downward roots ;
 The blossoms pass away, but riper grow the fruits.

Ill could he once have borne
 His present toilsome path ;
 He feels no joy, yet murmurs not ;
 This hushes each repining thought,
 “ While here, I walk by faith.”

He still can trace
 A Saviour's grace,
 Though he appear far off, and seem to hide his face.

The heavenly prize he views,
 And still maintains his ground :
 The steep ascent is hard to win,
 And many a foe, without, within,
 Strives to inflict a wound ;
 Though closely press'd,
 Hope cheers his breast ;
 For soon the strife will cease, the weary be at rest.

Pilgrim ! the end is near !
 Though faint, yet still pursue ;
 When thou shalt gain the mountain's brow,
 A scene beyond conception now
 Shall burst upon thy view ;
 Celestial air
 Shall fan thee there,
 And thou shalt bid adieu to toil and pain and care.

Then, as thou fall'st asleep,
 Angels that wait around
 Shall waft thee to that blissful shore,
 Seen dimly from afar before,
 Where golden harps resound ;
 Where souls set free
 That Saviour see,
 Whose smile is heaven itself :—that smile will beam
 on thee.

TO ONE RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY.

OH ! it ne'er was intended a spirit like thine,
Immortal in nature, of birth-right divine,
Should take up her home in a region like this,
Or rest short of perfection in virtue and bliss.

I regret not that oft thou art weary, depress'd,
In the midst of heaven's bountiful blessings un-
 bless'd ;
For “ the weary, the heavily laden” are those
Whom a voice others hear not invites to repose.

Though nature and affluénce and taste have com-
 bined,
To surround thee with charms and enjoyments
 refined ;
On them all looks of sadness or languor are thrown :
And why ? the true riches not yet are thine own.

Arts, studies, accomplishments, friends, vainly still
The void in thy bosom endeavour to fill ;

For the smile on thy lip can but faintly disguise
A heart that in secret for happiness sighs.

There is a bright talisman, which, when possess'd,
Can teach thee to fill the dark void in thy breast ;
Can work a miraculous change in thy heart,
And the lustre of joy to thy features impart.

There is a blest volume :—each page it contains
The nature and worth of this treasure explains ;
Oh, study that volume ! the guidance there given
Will lead not to happiness only, but heaven.

“ MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART.”

Proverbs.

FEEL’ST thou disquiet, care, unrest,
 Scarce knowing why so sad thou art ?
 In God alone can man find rest :
 Give him thy heart.

Deem’st thou thy bosom’s secret woes
 Peculiar, from all else apart ?
 Thy case he intimately knows :
 Give him thy heart.

Oft does the painful thought arise,
 That slighted, misconceived thou art ?
 God knows thee, loves, will not despise :
 Give him thy heart.

Sail’st thou alone o’er life’s rough sea,
 Without a home, a friend, a chart ?
 Thy friend, guide, haven, God will be :
 Give him thy heart.

Dost thou some hopeless sorrow feel,
Some wound from Death's unpitying dart?
Thy God will bind it up, and heal:
Give him thy heart.

Are there some griefs thou canst not tell,
Not e'en to dearest friends impart?
Thy God will understand them well:
Give him thy heart.

Oh! when without reserve 'tis given,
To him given wholly, every part,
There shines within the dawn of heaven:
Give him thy heart.

TO A FRIEND SETTING OUT ON A JOURNEY.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee !
 May heavenly guards defend thee !
 May heavenly influence send thee
 Sweet themes of holy thought !
 Though shades of night infold thee,
 That eye will still behold thee.
 That eye which slumbers not.

No evil shall befall thee :
 No enemy appal thee :
 Bright messengers shall call thee.
 Throughout the silent night,
 To share their high communion ;—
 Sweet pledge of future union
 With sainted heirs of light !

No *human* voice may cheer thee :
 No *earthly* listener hear thee.

But, oh ! one Friend is near thee,
 The kindest and the best ;
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fill with gladness
 The solitary breast.

Thy God will go before thee,
And day and night watch o'er thee,
And safe at length restore thee
 To a loved home of peace.
His care shall not diminish
Till life's long journey finish,
 And toils and dangers cease.

TO ONE BEREAVED OF MANY RELATIVES.

Thou hast laid up so many treasures there,
Where there is no more sorrow, no more pain,
That I esteem thee rich in heavenly gain,
E'en by the loss of those who dearest were.
Oh, while thy deepest, tenderest thoughts they
share,
When, sad and desolate, thou sighest in vain
Their voice to hear, their smile to meet again,
Pour out thy heart, pour out thy griefs in prayer !
That blest employ will reunite thy soul
With those whose adorations never cease :
That hallowed intercourse each grief control,
And o'er thy bosom shed celestial peace.
Though powerless human sympathy may be,
Sweet converse with thy God can comfort thee.

THE DEATH-BED OF A CHRISTIAN.

AND now the closing scene drew on ;
The tide of life was ebbing fast ;
Yet the firm hope she leant upon
Sustain'd her, cheer'd her, to the last.

The hectic flush had left her cheek,
The fever's brilliancy her eye ;
Yet calm she smil'd, though faint and weak,
As if she felt it sweet to die.

All on a sudden she beheld
A form unknown approach her bed,
Whose hand a drooping garland held,
Where faded flowers their leaves had shed.

Gently the mantle he withdrew,
That first his countenance conceal'd,
And to the dying sufferer's view
A sweet though pallid face reveal'd.

Then, in soft accents, he exclaim'd,
 " Oh, happy one ! be not dismay'd ;
 Thine hour of freedom is proclaim'd,
 The summons giv'n, the ransom paid.

" I see thee smile, and stretch thy hand,
 As if to bid me draw more near ;
 But would'st thou not my touch withstand,
 If my true name had met thine ear ?

" I am that last resistless foe
 Who fills with dread the human breast ;
 Whom fear and ignorance love to shew
 In visionary terrors dress'd.

" But what's the phantom fear'd so much—
 E'en from thy childhood fear'd by *thee* ?
 What but a stroke, a voice, a touch,
 That sets the imprison'd spirit free ?

" My name the guilty may appal,
 Because I seal their fearful doom ;
 But the believer loves the call
 That bids him seek his heavenly home.

“ Oh, hasten, then, to lay aside
These earthly weeds which clothe thee now !
A fairer robe will be supplied,
A brighter beauty deck thy brow.

“ Look on this pale and faded wreath,
These flowers that once sweet fragrance shed ;
Chill’d by the icy hand of death,
Their tints are gone, their charms have fled !

“ Thus, at my touch, thou too shalt fade ;
Thy breath shall cease, thy life be gone ;
And that loved form be darkly laid
In its last resting-place alone.

“ Yet fear me not ! with gentlest hand
I will unloose thy bonds of clay ;
Then shall thy happy soul expand
Her wings of joy, and soar away !

“ Soon wilt thou pass my shadowy vale,
Beneath the heavenly hills it lies ;
Nor shall thine outstretch’d pinions fail,
Till the bright city meet thine eyes.

“ Then, to the glorious mansions there,
 Rejoicing saints will welcome thee ;
 I must resign thee to their care,
 Those golden gates are closed to *me.*”

He ceased ;—the listener sweetly smiled,
 And seem’d some vision to behold :
 With joy her parting soul was fill’d,
 Her heavenward eye of rapture told.

Then faintly, brokenly, was heard,*
 “ A day where no more night shall be !
 Entrance to me is minister’d
 Abundantly ! abundantly !”

Then there was silence ;—not a word
 Utter’d the grief of those who wept ;
 Ere long “ a quiet sigh ”† was heard,
 And she “ in Jesus ” sweetly slept.

* The words between inverted commas were actually spoken by a dying Christian.

† See Hooker’s death, as described in Walton’s lives.

A DREAM.

I WALK'D upon an unknown shore ;
A deep, dark ocean roll'd beside :
Thousands were wafted swiftly o'er
That silent and mysterious tide.

Strange was the solemn scene, and new :
My spirit sunk with inward dread :
No voice proclaim'd it ; but I knew
Those were the regions of the dead.

It was no earthly light that shone,
Casting a shadowy gleam around ;
Ne'er midst an earthly throng was known
Stillness so awful, so profound.

The only sound which met the ear,—
And sadly, heavily it fell,—
Was the dark billow rolling near,
With measured, melancholy swell.

I sought with anxious eye to trace,
Among the crowd that throng'd the coast,
The features of one well-known face,
Fondly beloved, and lately lost.

The twilight gleam sufficed to shew
Full many a face that once was fair,
Now mark'd with characters of woe,
The sad, sad impress of despair.

No words were needed to express
Whose tears of anguish fell too late ;
The dark fix'd look of mute distress
Declared too legibly their fate.

Some had been lovely once on earth,
Caress'd, applauded, loved, admired,
Endow'd with riches, talents, birth,
Possessing all their hearts desired.

Those hearts, alas for them ! were given
To earthly pleasures, cares, and toys ;
They found not time to think of heaven,
To seek imperishable joys.

Slowly I turn'd, with many a sigh,
From this sad spectacle of woe ;
And soon I saw the beaming eye
Of her so fondly loved below.

She had but just been call'd away
From husband, parents, children, friends ;
Yet in that eye there shone a ray
Of joy, with which no sadness blends.

A bright companion at her side
Look'd on her with celestial love ;
Delighting her glad steps to guide
Towards the bright home prepared above.

Unseen I followed. It was sweet,
O ! passing sweet, her voice to hear :
No earthly language could repeat
The sounds that then entranced my ear.

Swiftly we pass'd that gloomy shore ;
Darkness and clouds were all withdrawn :
And then a light not known before
Began upon our path to dawn.

With growing strength I saw her tread
Her upward, brightening, heavenward road ;
With joy she lifted up her head,
To hail the city of her God !

As nearer to that world we drew,
Immortal fragrance fill'd the air ;
But soon th' increasing radiance grew
Too bright for mortal sense to bear.

I only caught a distant glance
Of glories never to be told ;
I saw a beauteous band advance ;—
I heard them strike their harps of gold.

And then I lost her.—Faint and dead
I sank beneath th' eternal beam.
The sights, the sounds, the glories fled !
“ I woke,—and found it was a dream.”

A VISION,

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM IN THE NIGHT.

METHOUGHT, as silently I lay
On death's cold narrow bed,
I heard th' archangel's trumpet sound,—
The voice that wakes the dead.

I woke as from a long, long sleep,
And blissful was the hour ;
That mortal frame in weakness sown,
Was “ raised,” indeed, “ in power.”

I woke with such a sense of bliss,
As seem'd the dawn of heaven,
With nobler faculties endued
Than e'er on earth were given.

Restored to consciousness and thought,
Some whisper seem'd to say,
“ The Lamb, whose blood thy ransom bought,
Now summons thee away.”

Scarce had the welcome sounds been heard,
 Scarce had my heart replied,
 When o'er my head the earth was rent,
 My prison-doors flew wide !

A great and mighty earthquake shook
 The agitated world ;
 The mountain huge, the solid rock,
 From its firm base was hurl'd !

'Twas all unlike the peaceful scene
 Which met my closing eyes
 On that last eve, when autumn's sun
 Purpled the glowing skies.

That sun was darken'd now in heaven,
 Quench'd were its golden rays ;
 A fearful conflagration's glare
 Began, far off, to blaze.

Then thunderings such as ne'er were heard,
 And lightnings fill'd the sky ;
 Expiring nature seem'd convulsed
 With mortal agony.

The graves were rent, the dead arose,
 The sea gave up her own ;
 And all were summon'd, " small and great,"
 Before th' eternal throne.

Amidst the ruin and dismay,
 A voice was heard on high,—
 " Ye saints ! with joy lift up your heads,
 For your redemption's nigh !"

Then I look'd up ;—I look'd around ;—
 My soul was strong and calm ;
 I knew " in whom I had believed,"
 And felt secure from harm.

I recognised, on every side,
 Those I had loved below,
 All clothed in white, and glorified ;
 Joy was on every brow.

O ! there was higher, purer bliss
 In that one glance of love,
 Which then we silently exchanged,
 Than souls on earth can prove.

But soon one uncreated form,
Glorious in majesty,
“ Fairer than all the sons of men,”
Fix’d each adoring eye.

It was the Saviour,—loved unseen,
So “ full of truth and grace ;”
Now Faith obtain’d her great reward,
To see him “ face to face.”

Circled by myriads of the blest,
“ To judge the world ” he came ;
To be admired in all his saints—
His purchased flock to claim.

All prostrate fell, and, in that *hour*,
Were filled with joy so vast,
As would have richly overpaid
Ages in suffering past.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

Oh, could I pierce that deep abyss
Which parts the unseen world from this,
I would behold your seats in bliss,
Sweet babes !

Would view your souls without a stain,
In God's own image bright again,
And feel that death for you *was* gain,
Sweet babes !

And I would hear that matchless song,
Swell'd by the bright celestial throng,
And catch *your* notes the choir among,
Sweet babes !

Thrice-happy travellers ! how soon
Your task is o'er, your work is done !
How short a race your prize has won,
Sweet babes !

No toil nor care need ye bestow
 To make the flowers of virtue blow ;
 Spontaneous in that clime they grow,
 Sweet babes !

There, sown in a congenial bed,
 Each heavenly blossom rears its head ;—
 There blooms, and there is perfected,
 Sweet babes !

And can we mourn that God, in love,
 Saw fit so early to remove
 Your spirits to his courts above,
 Sweet babes ?

In this dark world, with dangers fraught,
 What snares your footsteps might have
 caught,
 What woe and ruin sin have wrought,
 Sweet babes !

There was a heavenly Friend who knew
 What perils would your path bestrew,
 And in his arms he shelter'd you,
 Sweet babes !

From earth's polluted region far,
He bade you breathe a purer air :
How pure ! when God himself is there,
 Sweet babes !

Could those who now their couch bedew
With bitter tears, your glory view,
Ne'er would they weep again for you,
 Sweet babes !

But feel love's earthly tie was riven,
Only to be for ever given,
A golden link 'twixt earth and heaven,
 Sweet babes !

ANTICIPATIONS.

WE gaily said, that when the spring
Her opening buds and flowers should bring,
And happy birds begin to sing,

We three would meet.

We plann'd full many a golden hour
Of bliss, within our favourite bower ;
And never thought a cloud would lour,
That bliss to o'ershade.

While thus we framed our fairy schemes,
Adorn'd with Hope's enchanting beams,
And smiled at Fancy's lovely dreams,
And thought them truth ;

Death saw the visions Hope portray'd,
The joys on Fancy's eye that play'd ;
And cast o'er all the chilling shade
Of his dark wing.

And now the scene so bright before,
For us can never brighten more ;
Hope's fond illusions all are o'er,
 And Fancy's dreams.

And, if we meet in that loved bower,
No festive mirth will wing the hour ;
For every plant and every flower
 Will wake our tears ;

Will tell of her who loved to view
Each varied leaf, each beauteous hue ;
Whose smile such sweet enchantment threw
 O'er all the scene.

When last we linger'd, late and long,
Those moonlit woods and bowers among,
To woo the nightingale's sweet song,
 She shared our joy.

Little we thought that when again
That bird should pour its plaintive strain,
For *her* its melody in vain
 Would charm the sense.

Little we thought, when next the spring
 Sweet flowers and happy birds should bring,
 Those flowers would bloom, those birds would
 sing,

Around her grave.

But hush ! ye sad repinings, cease !
 Her life was blest ; her death was peace :
 And now her joys will still increase
 Through endless years.

Her's is a fairer world than ours ;
 She walks among unfading bowers ;
 And higher joys and nobler powers
 To her are given.

Indulge no more that rising sigh,
 Turn not again thy tearful eye
 To that sad spot, where mouldering lie
 Her loved remains :

They do but slumber in the dust ;
 While angels guard their sacred trust,
 Till all the bodies of the just
 In glory rise.

ON THE WORDS UTTERED BY A DYING
CHILD, SPEAKING OF JESUS.

SWEET child ! and was thy Saviour nigh,
And did he close thy dying eye,
And teach that soothing, sweet reply,
“ He comforts me ? ”

And was thy weary, aching head
On thy Redeemer’s bosom laid ?
And said’st thou on thy dying bed,
“ He comforts me ? ”

O ! now that thou hast gain’d that shore,
Where sin and death have lost their power,
Thou wilt have cause to say no more,
“ He comforts me.”

The bitterness of death is past,
Thy dying anguish was thy last ;
And then the God whose child thou wast
Did comfort thee.

It is for those who, sunk in woe,
 Lie almost crush'd beneath the blow,
 To seek the peace thy words bestow—
 “ He comforts me.”

Those dying words will prove a balm,
 Thy father's rising grief to calm ;
 He'll say, each sorrow to disarm,
 “ He comforts me.”

Thy mother's woe will be beguiled ;
 She will recall her angel-child ;
 And answer, in his accents mild,
 “ He comforts me.”

O ! when they weep upon thy grave,
 And mourn the hopes thy blossom gave,
 May He who chastens but to save,
 Their comfort be !

And when their latest hour draws nigh,
 Like thee, sweet infant, may they die !
 And say, with their last fleeting sigh,
 “ He comforts me.”

ON A YOUNG FRIEND'S ILLNESS.

She does not feel the morning breeze,
So sweetly every sense pervading ;
Touch'd by the blight of wan disease,
Her bloom is fading.

I see not now that face so dear,
That soft blue eye that beam'd so brightly ;
Nor that young graceful form appear,
Tripping so lightly.

Sweet counsel we were wont to take,
For ever now on earth suspended :
Soon, though so many hearts will ache,
All will be ended.

They say that lovely to the last
Are all her looks (those silent teachers) :
Care, anger, grief no shade have cast
O'er her sweet features.

But, though so gentle and serene,
 Her's was a thoughtful look, revealing
 That oft beyond this transient scene
 Her mind was stealing.

We often feared her earthly date
 Would ne'er be long : her heart was lowly ;
 And she seemed ready for that state
 Where all is holy.

The lily was her emblem-flower,
 So modest, fair, and unassuming,
 Concealed within its leafy bower,
 Its home perfuming.

Oh ! could I shield it from the cold,
 And see it bloom a little longer,
 And watch its silken buds unfold,
 Its stem grow stronger !

Alas ! the wintry wind so keen
 Has o'er it swept ; its leaves are withered !
 Yet safely, by a Hand unseen,
 They will be gathered.

Weep not ! to heaven's fair clime removed,
Where wintry winds can reach it never,
Follow and see this flower beloved
Blooming for ever !

ON A RESTLESS NIGHT, IN ILLNESS.

My Saviour ! what bright beam is shed
Around my dark and suffering bed,
Though downy slumbers thence have fled ?

It is thy peace.

When the sad fear of future ills
My trembling heart with sorrow fills,
What balm sweet quietude instils ?

It is thy peace.

When awful thoughts of death's dark hour,
Like gathering clouds around me lour,
What to dispel them all has power ?

It is thy peace.

When weary night and lonesome day
Cast mournful shadows o'er my way,
What then becomes my staff, my stay ?

It is thy peace.

If suffering be my lot below,
Lord ! till my tears shall cease to flow,
In life, in death, one boon bestow !

It is thy peace.

ON HEARING A CANARY-BIRD SING IN
LONDON.

I HEARD a bird singing whose notes were so sweet,
That I sought to discover its tuneful retreat ;
A cage hanging near me (I found) was the cell
Whence the melody rose which had pleased me so
well.

I looked at the songster, his feathers of gold
A tale of misfortune and banishment told ;
The orient hue of that plumage so bright
Belonged to some island of splendour and light.

Then I thought on the palm-groves, the myrtles,
the vines,
Where the stream ever sparkles, the sun ever
shines ;
Where the plantain's broad leaves their rich ver-
ture display,
And the tufts of the cocoa-nut shine in its ray.

I pictured the charms of those tropical skies,
 Where the night with the day in magnificence
 vies,
 Where new constellations so vividly glow,
 And the fire-fly emits its wild flashes below.

I pictured the colours, far brighter than ours,
 Which adorn the gay insects, the birds, and the
 flowers ;
 And I thought this poor captive, those beauties
 among,
 First woke to existence, first warbled his song.

Mid the deep shady woods he delighted to sing,
 On the orange, the tulip-tree, rested his wing ;
 Or soared with bright songsters the morning to
 hail,
 Where no mists the cerulean firmament veil.

Poor chorister ! sadly thy lot has been changed,
 From climate and home and companions estranged !
 Immured in a city, forbid to take wing,
 Oh ! what can induce thee so sweetly to sing ?

Not a tree nor fair blossom refreshes thy sight,
 The dark gloomy buildings obscure the sun's light ;

Each sound is discordant around thee ; and yet
Thou canst sing, e'en as if thou had'st nought to
regret.

Would'st thou teach me the lesson, that man may
be blest,
Though lonely his chamber, though exiled, op-
press'd ;
If he thankfully cherish the comforts still left,
Nor grieve for their loss, though of many bereft ?

ON AN INFANT WHO LIVED ONLY A FEW
MONTHS.

Oh ! there is much to soothe our grief
In such a life and death as thine,
So pure, so beautiful, though brief,
So free from sin.

O'er all thine infant features fair
There was diffused a heavenly charm :
'Twas like the look that angels wear,
So sweet, so calm !

Thou wert not long enough on earth
To lose the smile of tranquil love,
Brought from the country of thy birth,
The realms above.

Nor could thy transient sufferings here
Cast o'er thy soul a shade of gloom ;
She knew the dawn of bliss was near,
Her heavenly home.

And if for a few fleeting days
 'Twas thine to feel distress and pain,
They will but teach thee now to raise
 A sweeter strain.

Thine earthly life was surely given,
 That thine might be the sweetest claim —
A mortal's claim — to sing in heaven,
 “Worthy the Lamb!”

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DEPARTED BABE.

THOU art not gone ! Thou hast but risen
To fairer worlds, and left thy prison ;
Unfetter'd art thou now, and free,
“ E'en as the thought that follows thee.”

Thou art not gone ! Thy form of light
Still lingers near me veil'd from sight ;
Oft with a youthful cherub's love
For me thou leavest thy home above.

We cannot part : my soul with thine
Is link'd in such a bond divine,
As time can never render weak ;
As death itself can never break.

Thou art not gone ! But, when below,
I differ'd from thee less than now ;
My knowledge then exceeded thine :
How much thine now surpasses mine !

Thou art not gone ! Thou'rt very near me !
Thy angel-pity longs to cheer me !
Methinks I hear thy whisper sweet,
“ Ere long, my mother, we shall meet !

“ Soon, very soon, the clay-built wall
Which now encircles thee shall fall ;
Then thou shalt see me by thy side,
Thy happy spirit's angel-guide !”

EPITAPH.

THE lamb is gather'd into that blest fold
Where dangers cannot enter, nor alarms ;
Led by her Shepherd, carried in his arms,
She pass'd through earth, scarce tarrying to behold
The “ waters still,” which near her gently roll'd
On the “ green pastures,” deck'd with flow'ry
charms.

But though we thought her shelter'd from all harms,
This damp terrestrial climate proved too cold.
Her Shepherd watch'd her drooping, and mean-
while

“ The everlasting arms” were underneath :
Cheer'd by his voice, encouraged by his smile,
She reach'd the dark unfathom'd gulf of death ;
He hush'd its waves ;—then to his fold above
Wafted safe o'er the object of his love.

TO A BEREAVED CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

MOURNER! is thy heart still grieving,
 Secret tears sad traces leaving,
 Frequent sighs thy bosom heaving?—

Why dost thou weep?

Dost thou mourn those gone before thee?
 Lost is not the love they bore thee.
 They may now be watching o'er thee.—

Why dost thou weep?

Though thy path on earth be shaded,
 Has not death left uninvaded
 Worlds of bliss and joys unfaded?—

Why dost thou weep?

Hath not Christ thy sins remitted?
 Will not thy glad soul, when fitted,
 Into heaven be soon admitted?—

Why dost thou weep?

Should the ills of life distress thee ?
Grief, care, loneliness depress thee ?
With thy Saviour near to bless thee,
Why dost thou weep ?

Ever near to walk beside thee,
Near to counsel, guard, and guide thee ;
Say, can any ill betide thee ?
Why dost thou weep ?

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING "THE INFANT
LYRA."

WHERE didst thou learn thy science, wondrous
child ?

Heard'st thou the morning stars before thy birth ?
Or, by "the music of the spheres" beguiled,
Linger'd thy spirit on her way to earth ?

Or wert thou, while an infant, snatch'd away,
By viewless beings, to Titania's land,
Where fairy concerts 'neath the moonlight ray,
Awoke the magic of thy tuneful hand ?

Those tiny notes which suit thy age so well,
Those soft aerial cadences so sweet,
Didst thou not learn them in some charmed dell,
Attun'd to fairy songs and fairy feet ?

'Twas not for thee with patient toil to climb
Th' ascent by slow degrees which others gain :
Thy sportive fingers snatch'd from hoary Time
The golden key which opes the Muses' fanc.

To thee, of right, the poet's lays belong ;
 The star of genius glitters on thy breast ;
 The sons of science and the sons of song
 Thy brow with mingled laurels should invest.

Thy country's jewel, and thy parents' pride,
 In each admirer thou must meet a friend.
 E'en Envy lays his poisonous shafts aside :
 A nation's flattering smiles thy course attend.

Yet even while thy music charm'd my ear,
 I look'd with anxious thought, sweet child ! on
 thee.
 Thou breath'st a heated, dangerous atmosphere ;
 And full of snares thy flowery path must be.

Methought, though now the scene appear so gay,
 And listening crowds admire thy tuneful skill,
 Ere long life's pageant will have pass'd away,
 Thy harp be silent, and thy hand be still.

Then, what will it avail thee to have won
 The brilliant prize of transitory fame,
 Unless a nobler treasure be thine own,
 Unless a brighter record bear thy name ?

Who gave the graceful form, the gifted mind,
 The glow of health thy blooming features wear,
 That strength of memory, and that ear refin'd,—
 All tokens of celestial love and care ?

One who has larger bounties to bestow ;
 Joys, pow'rs untasted in a world like this :
 Pow'rs thou may'st gain, and joys thy soul may
 know,
 In worlds of perfect harmony and bliss.

If thy heart kindle with that Saviour's love,
 And hail the mysteries heavenly truth displays,
 Then shall thy *golden harp*, in realms above,
 Be ever tun'd to thy Redeemer's praise.

PRAYER FOR THE CONSECRATION OF TALENT.

OMNISCIENT Saviour ! glorious Power !
Who deign'st on man rich gifts to shower,
May Art and Science grateful bring
To thee each various offering !
May Genius lay his starry crown
Before thy footstool humbly down,
And every high-born faculty
Be stamp'd with " holiness to thee ! "

THE PILGRIM.

I AM a passing stranger here ;
A traveller hastening on
Through scenes which quickly disappear :—
E'en while I gaze they're gone.

This gay and busy world would strive
My footsteps to detain :
But the poor pleasures she can give
Are transient all and vain.

O ! there's a different world above,
On which I fix my eye :
A world of happiness and love,
Of truth and purity.

Admitted there I fain would be ;
Thither my steps I turn.
E'en now, far off, its light I see,
Its glories I discern.

E'en now I almost seem to hear
The voice of many a friend
Once lov'd on earth, rejoicing there,
Who o'er me fondly bend.

And thus, with one accord, they cry,
“ O ! linger not below !
Turn from that world thine heart, thine eye !
Then thou our bliss shalt know.”

Then once again, vain world ! to thee
I bid a long farewell :
In heart a pilgrim I will be,
Till there with them I dwell.

TO A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF GREAT PROMISE.

“ He cometh up and is cut down like a flower.”

“ Like a flower” she rose to view,
Sweet in fragrance, fair in hue ;
Not as yet unfolded quite,
Therefore lovelier to the sight.

“ Like a flower,” she graced the spot
Where was cast her early lot ;
And wherever she appear’d,
Smiles were waken’d, hearts were cheer’d.

“ Like a flower,” she blossom’d sweet
In a shelter’d lov’d retreat ;
’Twas a bank of mossy green,
Where a thorn was scarcely seen.

“ Like a flower,” she nothing knew
Of the world in which she grew,
But the blessings it bestows,—
Shielded from its cares and woes.

“ Like a flower cut down at noon,”
She has faded, ah ! how soon !
And the place she deck’d before,
Knows her now, alas ! no more.

“ Like a flower,” conceal’d awhile,
Till perennial summer smile,
That fair germ which sleeps below
An *immortal* flower shall blow.

TO A MOTHER

BEREAVED OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER.

SHE is gone ! and thou art left,
Through a lonely life to sigh :
But though stricken, crush'd, bereft,
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

All her transient day of life
In unsullied bliss went by,
Free from sorrow, care, and strife :—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Peace and gladness at her side,
Piety, sweet guardian ! nigh,
Playmates she had none beside :—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Ere the blossom was transplanted,
'Twas prepared to bloom on high ;
Could a lot more blest be granted ?—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

O'er the past thy mind may rove,
E'en as bees o'er flow'r-beds fly :
Fragrant every thought will prove :—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Ne'er will now her future lot
Anxious cares or fears supply,
Blest beyond thine utmost thought :—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Scarce could more *on earth* be given.
What *in heaven* will God deny ?
View, oh ! view thy child in heaven !
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

TO FAITH.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

COME, holy Faith ! beside me stand,
 With look inspired, with eye serene ;
 Unfold the bright celestial land,
 The world unseen !

Pleasant was once the earth's pure air ;
 With rapture on its scenes I gazed :
 Yet, not to Him who made them fair
 My heart was raised.

E'en by the beauty of his works,
 That heart, too oft, was led astray :
 Such danger unsuspected lurks
 In pleasure's way.

But now those charms no more delight ;
 Earth's beauteous face is hid from me :
 Still, holy Faith ! in thy pure light
 Much I may see !

I shall not sigh to breathe the gale,
Perfum'd with buds and flowers of spring,
If thy pure ray heaven's scenes unveil,
And near me bring.

A brighter sun will cheer my sky,
And make e'en this dark chamber sweet,
Than e'er in crimson'd canopy
Has ris'n or set.

And sounds more blest than song of bird,
Or rills and whispering boughs impart,
Shall in this silent room be heard,
And cheer my heart.

“ HAVE I NOT REMEMBERED THEE ON MY
BED ? ”

THERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep ;
 Though its soft power
 Might gladly close the vigils I now keep
 From hour to hour,
 And hush these vain imaginings to rest,
 Which silence in my heart its dearest guest.

O ! I have heard His voice, His voice of love,
 In the still night ;
 Sweet as the songs from seraph-harps above,
 Tranced in delight.

It haunts my memory, lives within my heart,
 And makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

Those who have heard it once can ne'er forget
 That voice divine.

With it compar'd earth's accents are not sweet.
 My God ! I pine
 An inmate in those palaces to be,
 Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harass'd by the din
 Of earthly thought :
All will be holy and serene within :
 My spirit fraught
With deepest reverence, with intense desire,
Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

TO ONE WHOSE MIND WAS DISORDERED
BY GRIEF.

MOURNER ! thy spirit was too finely strung
For the rude climate of a world like this :
And while it breath'd its notes of love and bliss,
On which the listener's ear delighted hung,
And deem'd that such to heavenly harps are sung,
Too suddenly did that sweet music cease :—
Some angry blast the slender chords had wrung,
And changed its notes to murmurs of distress.
Mourner ! that dulcet instrument was fram'd
To breathe its music in a happier clime :
There shall its heaven-taught language be re-
claim'd,
Though broken now, and tuneless, for a time :
Strings of new power and sweetness shall be lent,
Where no rough blast can o'er its chords be sent.

THE WIDOWED HEART.

Is thine a widow'd heart ?

Has life lost all its zest ?

Feel'st thou there's not a hope for thee,

But following swiftly, silently,

To share thy loved one's rest ?

All, all alone,

Thy griefs unknown,

Dost thou almost lament that light on thee c'er
shone ?

Poor, bleeding, widow'd heart !

Thy wound is deep indeed.

Through the wide world no search can find

Balm for that wound, nor power to bind.

Still must it throb and bleed !

Friends pitying mourn,

Then sadly turn,

To hide their fruitless tears, and looks that o'er
thee yearn.

Alas ! poor widow'd heart,
 What sorrows press on thee !
 Each object that now meets thine eye,
 Each hour that wearily goes by,
 Remembrancers will be
 Of joys all fled,
 And smiles that shed
 Bliss o'er that rifled heart, where all but grief
 seems dead.

E'en if, thou widow'd heart !
 Joy should approach thee now,
 If midst the waste, so dark and drear,
 One yet unblighted flower appear,
 One smile illume thy brow,
 Who will behold
 That smile, or fold
 Thy now neglected form ? Its sheltering arms are
 cold !

Alas ! poor widow'd heart !
 No grief dost thou express ;
 No human eye beholds thy tears ;
 No ear thy sob of anguish hears,
 In utter loneliness !

Calm, nay, serene,
 'Midst anguish keen,—
 Thy bosom's hidden wound by God alone is seen.

Alas ! poor widow'd heart !
 The charms of infant glee,
 'Thy little ones' unconscious smiles,
 Their prattled words and artless wiles,
 Wake only grief in thee.
 The eye they bless'd,
 The lips they press'd,
 On them no longer beams, by them is not
 caress'd.

Alas ! poor widow'd heart !
 What now will be thy stay ?
 The staff thou long hast leant upon,
 Thy guide, thy counsellor, is gone.
 For ever torn away.
 Each link unbound
 Which clasp'd thee round,
 No help-meet now for thee, left desolate, is found !

For thee, poor widow'd heart !
 In vain sweet spring returns ;

The charm of vernal songs and flowers,
The joys reviving nature showers,

Touch not the heart that mourns ;
Or touch it so,
As wakes fresh woe

For one all darkly laid that blooming earth below !

Yet, still, poor widow'd heart !
Though desolate and sad,
The thought thy loved one ne'er can know
Thine own unutterable woe

Almost might make thee glad !
The blest deplore
Earth's griefs no more ;

And though thy joys are fled, thy lov'd one's
griefs are o'er.

Poor, broken, widow'd heart !
No longer hide thy pain !
Earth yields no cure ; but Heaven has given
A balm for hearts bereft and riven,

A balm ne'er tried in vain :
THAT VOLUME BRIGHT,
WHERE BEAMS OF LIGHT

ILLUME TH' ETERNAL WORDS, reveals it to thy sight.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

My God and Father ! while I stray
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O ! teach me from my heart to say,
 “ Thy will be done !”

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
 Let me “ be still ” and murmur not ;
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 “ Thy will be done !”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends belov'd, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 “ Thy will be done !”

Though thou hast call'd me to resign
 What most I priz'd, it ne'er was mine :
 I have but yielded what was thine :—
 “ Thy will be done !”

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay ;
My Father ! still I'll strive to say,
“ Thy will be done ! ”

Let but my fainting heart be blest,
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest ;
My God ! to thee I leave the rest :
“ Thy will be done ! ”

Renew my will from day to day !
Blend it with thine ! and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“ Thy will be done ! ”

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O holy Saviour ! Friend unseen !
 The faint, the weak, on thee may lean :
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine.
 E'en as the branches to the vine
 My soul would cling to thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress'd,
 Here she has found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
 My joy, my consolation this,
 Each hour to cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove ;
 With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
 A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, “ Still cling to me.”

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not aught beside :
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
 Since thou art near, and strong to save ;
 Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
 Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befal :
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING GOOD
FRIDAY.

O my Redeemer ! can I sleep
With heart at ease, with spirits light,
When thou for me such watch didst keep
On this sad night ?

Shall I not “ watch with thee one hour,”
And strive, by importuning prayer,
Through faith and love’s constraining power,
Thy griefs to share ?

This night there fell on thee the shock,
By thine omniscience long foreseen,
Of treachery ’midst thy little flock ;
Yet thou, serene,

With words of holiest tenderness,
Didst only strive their grief to calm,
Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless
With heavenly balm.

O ! what a Passover they shar'd !
 Nor them alone didst thou include :
 For *us* that feast was then prepared,—
 Faith's mystic food.

The rich refreshments then bestow'd,
 Endued with undecaying power,
 Have nourish'd the whole church of God
 E'en to this hour.

Thence would I follow thee, in thought,
 To that lone spot so dark for thee ;
 For us with light and gladness fraught,
 Gethsemane !

Thy unknown anguish suffer'd there,
 Thy soul's dismay, the wrath of God,—
 All were endured, that we might share
 Thy bright abode.

How can I choose but weep and wake,
 When such a night, my God ! was thine ?
 Thou all the *penalty* didst take :
 The *guilt* was mine.

THE ARK.

WHEN the waters rose high o'er the earth and
 prevail'd,
 When the hills were all buried, the mountain-
 tops veil'd,
 The ark, borne on high, in tranquillity sail'd,
 Unhurt 'midst the terrible scene ;
 Th' Avenger's dread wrath in dark majesty frown'd
 O'er the wreck of the world, as it floated around ;
 Of its beauty, its glory, no vestige was found ;
 But the ark remained safe and serene.

There are those over whom such a deluge has
 pass'd
 As at once laid the scene of their happiness waste ;
 Till, at length, o'er the wreck, which alone could
 be trac'd,
 Desolation frown'd dark and severe.
 But a vessel was seen riding high o'er the wave,
 Where a refuge was found the poor outcast to
 save.
 Now the tempests may gather, the ocean may rave ;
 To that ark comes nor danger nor fear.

“ BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.”

O ! faint and feeble-hearted !
 Why thus cast down with fear ?
 Fresh aid shall be imparted ;
 Thy God unseen is near.
 His eye can never slumber :
 He marks thy cruel foes,
 Observes their strength, their number ;
 And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow
 Make dark thy path to-day,
 There may shine forth to-morrow
 Once more a cheering ray.
 Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,
 Conceal heaven’s fair abode ;
 Yet now, faith’s power prevailing,
 Should stay thy mind on God.

WRITTEN FOR ONE NOT LIKELY TO RECOVER.

“ Leaning on her Beloved.”

LEANING on thee, my Guide, my Friend,
 My gracious Saviour ! I am blest ;
 Though weary, thou dost condescend
 To be my rest.

Leaning on thee, this darken'd room
 Is cheer'd by a celestial ray ;
 Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom,
 Turns night to day.

Leaning on thee, my soul retires
 From earthly thoughts and earthly things ;
 On thee concentrates her desires ;
 To thee she clings.

Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
 To thee the future I confide ;
 Each step of life's untrodden path
 Thy love will guide.

Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
 Though faint with languor, parch'd with
 heat :
 Thy will has now become my own :
 That will is sweet.

Leaning on thee, 'midst torturing pain,
 With patience thou my soul dost fill :
 Thou whisp'rest, " What did *I* sustain ?"
 Then I am still.

Leaning on thee, I do not dread
 The havoc slow disease may make ;
 Thou, who for me thy blood hast shed,
 Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
 Too weak another voice to hear,
 Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
 " Be of good cheer ! "

Leaning on thee, no fear alarms ;
 Calmly I stand on death's dark brink.
 I feel " the everlasting arms."
 I cannot sink.

TO ONE DEPRIVED OF HEARING AT CHURCH
BY DEAFNESS.

O CHRISTIAN! though thine “ outward man”
decay,
And silence guard the ear’s once-echoing cell,
Yet thou canst calmly feel that “ all is well,”
And chase desponding murmuring thoughts away.
For, kindled in thy soul there shines that ray
Which care, and fear, and sadness can dispel :
And she, serene, though poorly lodg’d, can dwell,
Renew’d and perfected from day to day.
What though on this, the Sabbath’s holy rest,
Th’ external ear insensible may be ?
Let not the sigh of sorrow heave thy breast,
Since God, thy God, in communing with thee,
Asks less the listening ear than listening heart,
And there his sweetest comforts will impart.

“ RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL ! ”

O ! when the exile views his home ;
 The banish'd child his father's face ;
 The traveller, long condemn'd to roam,
 His native fields, his resting-place ;

What sweet emotions fill the mind !
 What joy, what blessedness they feel !
 My God ! these joys are all combin'd,
 When at thy mercy-seat I kneel.

Thou art my dwelling-place, my rest,
 My Father, in whose smile I live :
 All I desire to make me blest,
 That smile alone can amply give.

No longer now my thoughts I waste
 On earthly things once loved by me :
 Far sweeter, purer joys I taste,
 My God ! in communing with thee.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FRIEND'S
DEATH.

THE slow and melancholy year
At length brings back the mournful day,
Which call'd thee to yon upper sphere,
And took thee from our arms away.

It could not take thee from my heart ;
No ! there are bonds too firmly tied
To yield to death's relentless dart,
E'en though it sever all beside.

And I have follow'd thee in thought
From month to month, from day to day ;
While fond imagination sought
To track the soul's untravell'd way.

My heart has oftener turn'd to thee
Since thou hast gain'd thy home above,
Than e'en when thou wert wont to be
The object of my earthly love.

Perchance I should not know thee now,
Cloth'd in thy angel-robes of light:
But still my thoughts, though poor and low,
Picture thee often to my sight.

I know not what thy joys have been,
Through the long months I've wept for thee ;
What thou hast heard, and felt, and seen,—
The wonders of eternity.

But this I know : thou'rt fully blest ;
Thy frame is glorious and divine ;
God's holy image is impress'd,
His beatific vision thine.

Then, till the few and fleeting years
Which now divide us shall be o'er,
These thoughts shall check my selfish tears,
And bid me weep for thee no more.

“ ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.”

O heavenly traveller ! hastening
 From scenes where nought is lasting,
 Its glimmering lamps all wasting,
 Earth darkens on thy view ;
 While now, the world forsaking,
 The pilgrim’s path thou’rt taking,
 What light around thee breaking,
 Makes every object new !

When earthly joys have faded,
 And when, by grief invaded,
 Those spots are all o’ershaded,
 Once bright in life’s fair morn ;
 Then, beams from heaven descending,
 With each dark shadow blending,
 A lovelier radiance lending,
 The Christian’s path adorn.

Nor fear to lose their shining,
 Like earth’s poor stars declining ;

No ! more, yet more, refining,
 This light will bless thy way :
O'er hill and valley streaming,
O'er death's dark river beaming,
The dawn progressive seeming
 Of heaven's eternal day.

TO ONE WHO HAD LOST AN ONLY SISTER.

SHE is in heaven !—That thought alone
 Should chase the grief which clouds thy brow :
 "Twas said, from her Redeemer's throne,
 " Into my joy now enter thou !"

She is in heaven !—How sweet the phrase !
 Yet its high import who can tell ?
 Here like a glimmering beam it plays,
 Of light, of joy ineffable.

She is in heaven,—lest earthly love,
 So sweet so strong as hers and thine,
 To both might too attractive prove,
 Stealing the place of love divine.

She is in heaven,—to form a link
 Between thy heart and worlds unseen ;
 That there, where nature's powers must sink,
 Faith's holier virtue may be seen.

She is in heaven ! that thou mayst waste
 No thought, no care on earthly things ;
 But travel with an angel's haste,
 And soar as on an angel's wings.

She is in heaven ! that thou, like her,
 Mayst shine with pure and stedfast light ;
 Attract their eye whose footsteps err,
 And guide their wandering feet aright.

She is in heaven ! but still, unseen,
 With hers thy notes of praise may blend ;
 On the same Rock thy soul may lean,
 To the same centre hourly tend.

She is in heaven ! that thou mayst prove
 How blest the Christian's darkest lot :
 Earth's joys may fail, earth's props remove ;
 But God, thy portion, changes not.

She is in heaven ! when thou art faint,
 And wouldst thy weary race were run,
 Think that the voice of that loved saint
 Whispers, “ The prize will soon be won ! ”

She is in heaven,—has cross'd, ere noon,
The stream which bounds th' eternal land :
And wilt not thou rejoin her soon ?
Yes ! though till eve thou waiting stand.

HYMN FOR A DYING BED.

WHILE ceaseless love and ceaseless care
By all are fondly shewn,
A voice within me cries, “ Beware !
For thou must die alone.”

That solemn hour is come for me,
Though I their sweetness own,
When human ties resign’d must be ;
For I must die alone.

Terrestrial converse now is o’er ;
My work on earth is done ;
And I must tread th’ eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

But, oh ! I view not now with dread
That shadowy vale unknown ;
I see a light within it shed :
I shall not die alone !

One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known :
To die is now my wish, my choice :
I shall not die alone !

PRAYER FOR A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FATHER ! when thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
 To me thy love display !

Let me willingly surrender
Life to thee, its gracious lender :
Can I find a friend more tender ?
 Why should I wish to stay ?

Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,
Ere my sun has reached its setting,
Let me, some blest truth repeating,
 Shed round one parting ray.

Ere my soul her bonds have broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token,
That for me the words are spoken,
 “ Thy sins are wash'd away ! ”

If the powers of hell surround me,
 Let not their assaults confound me ;
 All for which thy law once bound me,
 Thyself hast deign'd to pay.

When, though tender friends are near me,
 Their kind pity cannot cheer me,
 And they strive in vain to hear me,
 Turn not thy face away !

When, each well-known face concealing,
 Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
 Then, thy gracious smile revealing,
 Unfold eternal day !

When the lips are mute which bless'd me,
 And withdrawn the hand that press'd me,
 Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,
 Calling my soul away !

When, in silent awe suspended,
 Those who long my couch have tended,
 Weeping, wish that all were ended,
 Oh, hear them when they pray !

When the last sharp pangs oppress me,
 Or benumbing chills distress me,
 Let “a quiet sigh”* release me
 From this poor house of clay !

When my soul, no path discovering,
 O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
 Then, with wings of mercy covering,
 Be thou thyself my way !

Richard -.

* See Walton's account of Isaac Hooker's death.

HYMN OF THE EMANCIPATED SOUL.

O wondrous glories ! beatific change !
 Is this the hour,
 Of which, through groundless terrors, fancies
 strange,

I fear'd the power ?

Had I then seen what death alone brings nigh,
 My dread had been to live, and not to die !

'Tis well th' imprisoned soul can ne'er conceive
 The boundless bliss,
 Beyond what hope could picture, faith believe,
 Of life like this !

Earth's accents falter ! thoughts within me burn
 To tell which, heaven's own language I must
 learn !

That wall opaque, for ever broken down,
 Veil'd from my sight
 Forms, beauties, glories, mysteries unknown,
 Scenes of delight,

Which now entrance me, while my quicken'd soul,
All eye, ear, feeling, sense, can grasp the whole.

Ye radiant spirits ! while with smiles of love
 Ye share my joy,
Is it to welcome *me* to realms above,
 Ye deign to employ
Harps which breathe round such thrilling melody ?
To hear them only once, 'twere well to die !

Oft while I wander'd in yon earthly vale,
 And upward gaz'd,
I long'd your forms, your golden harps, to hail :
 But now, amaz'd,
I feel no mortal fabric could sustain
Such sights, such sounds : “ To die indeed is
gain.”

Yet this is but the dawn of heaven's bright day.
 What will it be,
There where His glory shines with cloudless ray,
 That God to see,
Who pours through all my soul this gushing tide
Of “ joy unspeakable and glorified ? ”

CLOSING SONNET.

THOU who all seasons rulest, and canst bless
 Dark sorrow's winter and joy's summer bright,
 Whose smile preserves our life's sweet flowers
 from blight,
 And gives its richest bloom to happiness,—
 That smile sheds radiance even o'er distress :
 And if it beam, these winter-flowers to bless, ~~at~~ ^{achine}ress.
~~And make their hues refreshing to the sight~~
 Of those whom this world's flowers no more
 delight,
 The gatherer's heart will glow with thankfulness.
 I place them on thy shrine, to bloom or fade,
 As it may please thee,—worthless at the best :
 Still by this offering love may be express'd,
 Which thinks on griefs it vainly longs to aid.
 O, should they cheer one sufferer,—one alone,
 Thine be the glory ! all the praise thine own !

THE END.

~~Mr. F. C. 1923~~

